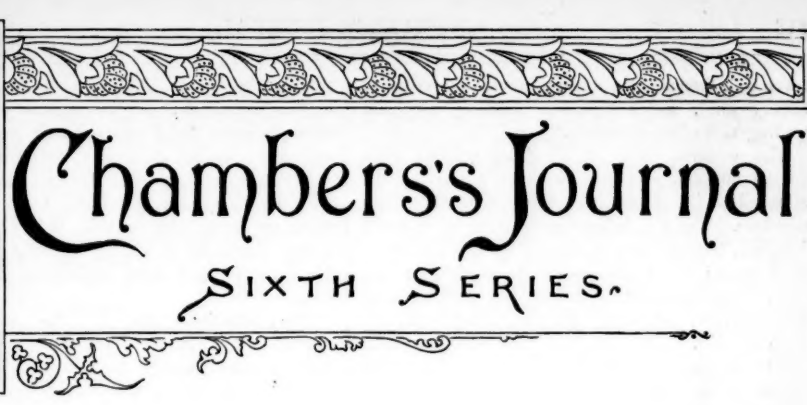


Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



VIRGINIA: ITS RISE AND FALL

A SPORTING COLONY IN WALTER RALEIGH'S OLD DOMAINS.

By GERALDINE VANE.

VIRGINIA has always, since its earliest days of colonisation, been regarded as the home of the Englishman. For some occult reason, nine out of every ten Englishmen on landing in the 'new country' will, sooner or later, drift to the Anglified portion of this state. Many retain the idea that Virginia is still a portion of England, that the inhabitants are still English, and that everything partakes largely of the habits and customs of the old country—that, in fact, we will be reminded of home at every turn. If their hopes have deceived them, they have only themselves and Thackeray's novels to blame; the fault is probably due to their ignorance of geography. They had not, perhaps, realised its vast area, the old state being larger than Scotland, and the new state nearly as large. The two states have a glorious climate and a glorious nature, fertile in most districts, rewarding labour by producing everything that grows; it is rich in minerals, wonderfully watered, beautiful and picturesque to a degree.

The two states, East and West Virginia, separated from each other during the War of Secession, had never very much in common. The new state, West Virginia, owing to its high, mountainous nature, being less suited to the employment of the negro than its eastern sister, was populated by a race of simple mountaineers, who, in bygone days, resented any intrusion of their cousins the slave-owners, living contentedly in their beautiful wilds, devoting their time to the raising of cattle on the excellent pastures which the limestone slopes of their mountains afforded them, and producing from the fertile soil every necessary their simple lives required.

I penetrated these mountains, with a couple of friends, in search of sport, undeterred by the wild

tales recounted of the ferocious and blood-thirsty race living on their heights. So mountainous and rugged is the huge tract of country known as West Virginia that development, as understood in these days, has barely touched it. One railway runs through the centre of the state; another circles its western borders. The vast space between, separated from Old Virginia on the east by the main chain of the Alleghanies, is a mighty wilderness, scantily squatted on, rather than settled, by a pastoral race, descendants, for the most part, of those Irish Presbyterians whom our despotic rulers drove some 120 or 130 years ago from the country, of which they were the cream and backbone, to form in turn the cream and backbone of Washington's army in 1776. These wilds are a very paradise for sportsmen who can afford the time to penetrate the forests, which teem with deer, bear, and the panther, besides wild turkeys and ruffed grouse, which latter, being in no wise shy, drummed around us as we fished. We fished for four days; but for the first time in my life I tired of this sport. The trout never left off rising. After a few hours' fishing such an enormous number of silvery, plump, splendid little fellows lay around us that we were at last obliged to throw them back into the river alive, having no means of shipping them home, being ninety-five miles from the nearest rail.

In all my travels I have never come across prettier water, prettier fish, or more enchanting scenery. We fished a stream of considerable size, a precise reproduction of a Scottish trout-stream, being just too wide in most places to cover without wading. Wooded hills rustling in the freshness of spring rose gently from either bank, leaving strips of green meadow between, where cows and sheep cropped the early grass. A considerable amount of timber straggled down to the banks,

leaving between them a margin of dry rocks or silvery sand, which rendered walking easy and wading not often necessary.

The eastern state of Virginia, scented with the flavour and romance Thackeray's novels have attached to it, differs in every way from its late co-estate. The soil is less fertile than in Western Virginia, having been exhausted by repeated crops of tobacco; the ruined residents, victims of the Civil War, being unable to afford to manure it as was requisite, yet yearly taking all they could get from its soil. The attraction this state has held out to English colonists dates back to a far earlier period than that treated of by Thackeray. Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition discovered Virginia's shores, taking possession in 1584.

The first colony, settled there under the charter of a London company in 1607, consisted of a few gentlemen of fortune—people having no occupation and no family. In their service twelve labourers and a few mechanics emigrated. They settled in Jamestown, on the James River, buying from the Indians, who were then friendly disposed towards them, such land and provisions as they required. But this little colony received no encouragement during its early settlement. Malaria and all the diseases accompanying a damp climate swept off half of the settlers, and the miserable remnant had just decided to abandon the colony when Lord Delaware arrived, bringing with him a large quantity of supplies and more emigrants. One of these married an Indian squaw, Pocahontas, daughter of the chief of one of the principal tribes, thereby securing their friendship.

Ten years later ninety young women were sent out from England, being sold to the planters respectively for 100 lb. of tobacco. A hundred convicts were also shipped out to supply labour, and a Dutch trader imported twenty negroes, being the first batch imported of the slaves who eventually became so indissolubly connected with the state. The little colony increased in numbers, reaching in 1622 to 4000; and fifty years later, in spite of numerous wars and massacres, this number swelled to 40,000—6000 of these being English convicts and 2000 black slaves. The now prosperous little colony boasted at the same time of twenty churches. Their staple industry was the cultivation of the tobacco-plant, which was produced in such enormous quantities that they were obliged at length to burn half the crop on account of the tremendous fall in price this overplus occasioned.

The practice of smoking this plant dates back to unknown antiquity amongst the American Indians. Columbus found the habit prevalent in the West Indies, where the natives smoked rolls of it wrapped in a maize-leaf.

When first introduced into Europe it was cultivated in Spain as an ornamental plant—the Spaniards eventually being the pioneer European nation in its cultivation to any large extent,

commencing about 1530 to grow it in the island of San Domingo; the Portuguese followed their example some forty years later; and these two nations controlled the entire trade for many years.

Fortunes were speedily realised in tobacco, and Virginia as a planting country came to be looked upon by us as Ceylon and India have been in recent years—as a colony offering advantageous openings to our sons, ne'er-do-wells or otherwise.

The principal seat of the tobacco trade carried on between Virginia and the home country was situated in Glasgow, becoming one of the most important carried on within the walls of the 'Cross,' or, as it is called nowadays, the 'Exchange.' Glasgow merchants realised enormous profits by lending to the planters small sums to enable them to work their crops, receiving in consideration the right to buy these crops at a fixed price, independent of the fluctuations of the home-market. In this way tobacco proved a most paying concern, building up fortunes the evidence of which is still to be seen in the ruins of colossal mansions on the James River; Virginia proving to our island a veritable El Dorado for about a hundred and sixty years, until she broke away from the mother-country. At the termination of the war which established her independence she *kindly* consented to continue sending us, as hitherto, her staple trade. The trade prospered, intermingling with the trade in humans (which we bequeathed to our errant subjects), until years later, when the great Civil War ended in the freedom of the slave and the ruin of the planter. None survived the general devastation; and although the Virginians made a prolonged and brave stand, they saw the Yanks (whose very name is loathed and hated to this day throughout Virginia) demolishing, with the help of their paid German and Irish friends, their beloved homesteads, first carefully appropriating from among the household treasures any convertible articles of value, and then shipping the pianos and silver, &c., off to New York, where they found a ready market for their 'booty.'

This generation who fought the Yanks, the fine old typical race of 'F.F.V.s' (first families of Virginia), the American aristocracy, now fast disappearing, have still no use for those 'mean Yanks.' They tell you still, 'You had best make a bonfire of the whole crowd.' Years have not effaced the bitterness and rancour they feel towards them—bitterness which might perhaps have been lessened had prosperity returned to their homes; but, robbed of their slaves, and having no means to obtain the necessary labour in order to cultivate their plantations, they appear to have lost all energy, and instead of rousing up and entering into new enterprise, they sank down in the midst of their ruined estates, surrounded by their ex-slaves, many of whom still clung to

them, looking to them for support, leading an aimless, hand-to-mouth sort of existence, and lamenting their bygone glory and prosperity.

The sons of these ruined veterans are, as they grow up, fast realising that fortunes will not seek them out. Gradually they are abandoning their unfruitful estates and seeking positions in the cities, many who bear time-honoured names of 'F.F.V.s' now serving behind the counter in 'stores' or on the railways.

Thus, in the freeing of the slaves, the great tobacco industry of Virginia, although carried on now to a certain extent, received a blow from which it has never recovered, the plant losing in quality as the ground grew poorer. The whole aspect of the country has changed; the negro is gradually beginning to assert his independence, attempting to prove his equality with the white man. Generations must, however, rise and fall ere he can accomplish this object. Time must be allowed him to cultivate his woolly brains up to the required standard of perfection necessary to compete with the brain and resource of the white man, who has passed through such countless ages of training.

When all the old slave-owners were ruined and the masters could not feed the freed slaves, they were driven forth, the majority going unwillingly, and many among them bringing their earnings to help their old masters' families. Even now the children of those ex-slaves still cling to the children of their fathers' masters.

A hard-riding, hard-drinking colony are the English for the most part now, and a considerable fund of romance might be woven out of the numerous eccentricities indulged in by some of the many curious and amusing characters who keep their surrounding neighbourhood lively.

Many of the young fellows eventually take to 'keeping a store,' often speedily amassing a fortune out of what usually proves to be a very paying concern. Others have taken to dairy-farming and wine-growing, planting vineyards on the latest improved French methods; but this latter industry has proved in most cases but a sickly trade. John Bull is to be found in every district of Virginia; but Charlottesville and its neighbourhood is most densely populated by Englishmen. This town boasts of the oldest 'varsity,' and is the seat of the principal learning and culture of the state.

Perhaps it is due to the vagaries of the many curious specimens, representatives of our country, that we are not, or indeed, I might say, never have been, favourites with our Virginian cousins. It is curious to note in the pages of history that this, the oldest of the thirteen original states, notwithstanding the fact that its people are more essentially English by descent, having less mongrel blood in their veins than the inhabitants of any other American state, has nevertheless been ever foremost on all possible occasions to rise against

the old country. From her emanated the idea of independence; she urged the other states to join with her in a declaration to that effect; and in recent years the animosity again cropped out, their legislature being the loudest in their clamour against us over the Venezuelan question.

This old domain proudly claims among her sons most of the finest men America can boast of—men who have carved their names indelibly in the pages of its history. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were Virginians; and when will General Lee be forgotten—that fine old courtier and veteran, who practically controlled the whole operations of the Civil War, in his hopeless stand against such overwhelming numbers sent from the North to crush him? Nor must Stonewall Jackson's name be omitted. Four out of the first five presidents were Virginians. Indeed, until within recent years she has ever been foremost in the politics and legislature of the States, boasting of the aristocracy of the country, the 'F.F.V.s' (now fast decaying) holding their heads as high as any of our baronial families in the old country.

The romance of bygone days of prosperity clings about the old state, placing it at once apart from the others, which are essentially 'new' in every detail. It teems with places of interest. For beautiful scenery the Shenandoah Valley is unrivalled. It is described by General Spottiswood as 'God's land,' and dotted over it are still to be seen the remains of picturesque old piles, relics of former prosperity.

The sulphur springs situated on the slopes of the western mountains are a great feature in the social life of the Virginian, and, indeed, of the American. Large parties from the various towns take shelter in the cool shades of the mountains during the hot summer months, living around the 'springs' in the tiny chalets (not unlike the Swiss chalets) dotted about. Each party often consists of thirty or forty, who keep to their own little clique entirely, and spend their days in picnicking and their evenings in dancing, having, as they term it, a 'real good time.'

Another beautiful spot is the neighbourhood of that curious phenomenon the Natural Bridge. A tiny rivulet now runs beneath this huge excavation, which will always be a mystery. Perhaps the friction of countless ages has gradually hollowed out its passage, sinking deeper, and crumbling away the earth obstructing its way, leaving overhead the huge mass of rocky soil, which forms a bridge, from which looking over, down on the stream below, human beings at its edge appear in size like various insects, so small are they.

In spite of its numerous vicissitudes, Virginia will one day regain its old prestige and figure once more among the foremost of the states. The beauty of its scenery and the healthy nature of its

climate is attracting many wealthy Northerners to come and settle among its glades, bringing with them their inseparable spirit of push and advance. As years go by they will not rest con-

tent until they see the state in which they have fixed their home incomparable, and until they and their children in their turn form the aristocracy—the new aristocracy—of Virginia.

THE GOLDEN LILY.

CHAPTER VII.—A COUNTRY VISIT.

WHAT in the world is the matter, Miss Lily?" Hulme asked, mechanically dropping into the old form of address. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

This was when Lily Warner came out of the shadow of the gateway that night and timidly accosted him at the Marble Arch. Hulme was dumfounded by her appearance.

"Oh yes!" she answered, moving closer to him, and looking very white and piteous. "Oh, Mr Hulme, I have left my father—I never can live with him again—and I don't know where to go, and I have no money!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young man. For a moment he reflected; then, glancing at the girl's white face and her delicate frame shrinking with the cold, he hailed a hansom-cab. His decision was taken immediately.

She got into the cab with him without hesitation or question. Hulme himself was so preoccupied with the extraordinary situation that it did not occur to him how implicitly she trusted in him. In fact, the cab had gone some distance before the circumstance was presented to his mind. She inquired gently:

"Where are you taking me to, Mr Hulme?"

"Oh," he answered quickly, "you have not forgotten Jim Solus, I suppose?"

"Poor Jim!" said the girl. It was "Poor Jim!" with all of them who had known him. "No, Mr Hulme. How could I forget Jim?"

"I live with Jim's brother—his twin brother—just such another good-hearted man as Jim himself. I am taking you to his house, Miss Lily. I know he will be glad to receive you, and take care of you, if only for Jim's sake; but he will do it for your own sake, too, Miss Lily. Mr Gaverick is an old bachelor; but Betty, the house-keeper, will do everything for you."

"And you live with Mr Gaverick?"

"Yes; I am employed by him, and he wished me to live in his house."

The girl was silent after this, and answered only by monosyllables to one or two remarks made by Hulme. He suddenly remembered himself, and felt the colour in his face, which of course the girl could not see.

"I will get a room in the neighbourhood for myself, Miss Lily—there will be no trouble at all about that; and you shall have mine in Mr

Gaverick's house. We are there now," he added as the cab drew up.

Hulme handed her from the cab, and opened the door with a latchkey. There was light in the dining-room, and he knew Mr Gaverick was sitting there. Without a moment's hesitation he opened the door and led Lily Warner, who shrank back a little, into the room.

The old gentleman laid down his pipe and stood up, with questioning surprise in his face.

"This is Miss Lily, Mr Gaverick," said Hulme at once, leading the girl forward. "She has been compelled to leave her father, and I have found her by accident. I will leave her with you to tell her story. I—I know you will protect her."

The young man left the room and closed the door. He went upstairs to pack a bag and remove all masculine traces from his room.

Mr Gaverick looked at the girl at first in speechless surprise. He knew her history very well, and what she had done, at Jim's request, for young Hulme in his illness. The pleading timidity of her eyes and the gentle beauty of her pale face melted his surprise into tenderness and pity, and he took her small, cold hands in his own, and placed her in a comfortable chair before the fire. The kindness of a stranger—and he was so like old Jim!—overwhelmed the homeless girl, and she burst into tears.

"Now, now!" said Mr Gaverick hastily. "Now, now, my dear little lassie, you mustn't do that. Dicky was right to bring you here; the lad's heart is in the right place, and his head is right too. Now, now! You must eat and drink something at once. Not a word till you have done so. Here, Betty!"—the old woman had answered the bell—"here is a young lady, tired and cold. Have you anything nice and warm to give her? I'll warrant you have—there isn't your equal in London at a pinch. Now make haste, Betty; and make some tea, too."

Betty disappeared, and was back in a few minutes laying a snowy tablecloth. Meantime Mr Gaverick poured out a glass of wine and made Lily drink it. It was not long before a warm and tempting repast was upon the table. In truth, the girl was very hungry, having eaten nothing since breakfast, and the face of Mr Gaverick shone with satisfaction as he watched how she enjoyed the meal.

When the cloth was removed and Betty left

the tea on a corner of the table, Lily Warner was composed enough to relate unreservedly to Mr Gaverick her reasons for leaving the protection of her father. He heard her in silence to the end.

'Poor child, poor child!' he then said. 'Surely no one could blame you. You did what was right. But, good heavens, my dear little lassie! what would you have done if you had not met Dicky Hulme?'

She hung her head. That was a hard question to answer. She might have sunk on some doorstep and died of the cold.

Just then Hulme reappeared, with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand.

'I am going round to Mrs Sinclair,' he said, colouring. 'I know she has a bedroom to let. Betty has put mine in order for Miss Lily, and lit a fire.'

Lily Warner looked embarrassed and distressed, but there was nothing she could say. It took Mr Gaverick a full minute to get over his first feeling of amazement and realise the meaning of Hulme's proceeding.

'Ah!' he exclaimed. 'You are quite right, Dicky. You are quite right, my boy. But you must come back to breakfast in the morning.'

He promised to do this, and shyly offering his hand to the girl, he bade her good-night. Her response was hardly audible, and she raised her eyes only a little way towards his face. A blush at the same time told of some unspoken emotion.

Hulme lay awake most of that night thinking of her, and wondering what was the key to her demeanour towards him since that evening in Coolgardie. He was grateful that she appealed to him in her distress and accompanied him with such child-like confidence. But it might have been from a sense that he owed her much. How was he to know? At all events, let his doubts and anxieties be what they might, he was glad she had separated herself from her father and Mark Revel.

Mr Gaverick, too, gave a good deal of thought to Lily Warner that night. He admired and approved the propriety of Dicky Hulme leaving the house. This led the old gentleman to consider the situation further. He was certain in his own mind, from all that had fallen from Hulme concerning this Miss Lily, that the young man was in love with her. That was all right. Dicky could read and write, and was well educated; and no girl could ever be ashamed of him on account of his illiteracy. But the little lassie, he argued, should get a fair chance for herself. If she stayed in this house, with Dicky Hulme at her side every morning and evening, it would, according to Mr Gaverick's quaint notion of the case, be placing her at a disadvantage. There was nothing the old gentleman would like better than to see these two young people married and happy. But he thought the girl ought not to be

run into a corner. Moreover, his was a dreary old house, with no society but that of Betty. How would the poor lassie get through the long days alone?

The conclusion of all this cogitation was, that he would send Lily Warner down to his sister's farm-house in Buckinghamshire. There would be ducks, and geese, and fowls, and cows, and sheep, and a dozen other healthy interests to occupy her there. His sister Molly and her husband were a genial couple, who would be delighted to have so pretty an object to pet and make much of. They had no child of their own. They had had a daughter once, of Lily's age, who died of consumption. They should have the girl, Mr Gaverick decided, but upon the clear and express understanding that they should be willing to surrender possession whenever required. From his knowledge of them, Mr Gaverick was convinced of the necessity of this stipulation.

What Lily Warner's thoughts were that night will never be known. But she looked so bright and charming next morning that Mr Gaverick was more than ever impressed with the importance of binding his sister Molly and her husband by a very tight compact.

Lily Warner, accordingly, was taken by Mr Gaverick to Buckinghamshire in the course of a few days. Since then Dicky Hulme had been vainly hoping she would some day send him a line or two for himself—about the weather, or the country, or anything—just to show that he had some special place in her thoughts. But she sent him no line. He was far from murmuring against her silence, because he doubted whether he had any right to what he was wishing for. She wrote regularly to Mr Gaverick, and sent Hulme her kind remembrance; that was all. Mr Gaverick now declared that he, Dicky Hulme, ought to have gone to see her, and he went on the Saturday afternoon, with a good deal of anxiety as to the manner in which Lily would receive him.

Farmer Broughton, sister Molly's husband, met them at the station with his dogcart, and drove them home. Mr Gaverick hailed his sister in a very kind voice, asking her a dozen questions in a breath, none of which she had an opportunity of answering. Tea-things were laid in the cosy parlour, and rubbing his hands as he glanced around, Gaverick demanded:

'Where is the little lassie? I say, Broughton and Molly, where is she?'

'Oh, she's coming, she's coming,' was his sister's reply; 'she is only putting on an extra ribbon in honour of the visitors.'

'Ha! the little witch,' cried Mr Gaverick, laughing heartily; 'she means to break our hearts. Here she comes; here she is!'

Lily entered the room, bright and blushing with a beauty that almost took Hulme's breath away. She went up to Mr Gaverick, put her

soft hands round his neck, and kissed him. The ecstasy of the old man on receiving this unexpected salute was delightful to behold, and would be impossible to describe. Turning from him after a few seconds, she approached Dicky Hulme with a still higher colour in her face, and gave him her hand.

'I am glad to see you,' was all she said; but the words were so softly spoken that no one heard them but Hulme.

And at tea—which was a rather formal business at the farm-house, with incidents of abundant bread-and-butter, cold ham and fowl, jams, and other things—she sat next to him, and after a little while told him of her happy life in the country, of the primroses and violets that lined the hedgerows, of the nest-building of the birds, of the young lambs and young rabbits, and the corn springing up in the sunshine.

'What's all that talk about?' inquired Mr Gaverick, who had been keeping them under furtive observation from the corner of his eye.

'I was telling Mr Hulme about all the changes one sees in the country in the spring,' she answered.

'Ah! Better take him out after tea and show him some of them. It's precious little we know about such things in the City. And there are some things he doesn't know—that he ought to know,' Mr Gaverick added.

The significance of the observation was not lost upon Hulme. The girl was innocent of the meaning, but she glanced shyly at the young man.

'I hope you will, Miss Lily,' he said; 'I should like a ramble through the fields so much.'

'Very well,' she answered at once. 'I will get my hat and jacket.'

Dicky Hulme's heart had never felt so buoyant as it did whilst she walked by his side through the pleasant fields. The primroses, and violets, and lambs, and rabbits were unnoticed. They talked of the 'Golden Lily' and Jim Gaverick. The girl knew it was her own name the dear old miner had given to his find. On the downfall of her father and Revel they were altogether silent.

'I think I never heard any news in my life,' she said, 'that made me so happy as the news that Jim was alive and well.'

'Have you heard that he is coming home?'

'No!'

'He is. He will be in England in six weeks.'

'Oh, how I will kiss his dear old sunburnt face! Poor old Jim! It must have been a disappointment to him, when he returned to Coolgardie, to find that you had gone back to England.'

'I believe so, Miss Lily.'

'Why do you call me "Miss Lily"?''

'The habit clings to me. What should I call you? "Miss Warner" doesn't come so readily to my tongue.'

'Call me—Lily, simply,' she said after a pause.

'Lily. Then, Lily, I am no longer to be "Mr Hulme," please.'

She laughed and blushed.

'Very well,' she replied. 'And now, why did you leave Coolgardie?'

'In the first place, I was too weak after my illness to do anything. In the next place, I believed Jim Solus was dead. Lastly'—He hesitated, and the girl looked at him with expectant eyes. 'Well,' he said, lowering his voice, 'for some reason I never could fathom, you came to see me no more. Then you went away to England without a good-bye. It was very foolish of me, no doubt; but I felt it keenly, and was sick until I got away from Coolgardie.'

She sat down on the step of a stile, and after looking vacantly for a minute across a field of young corn, burst into tears. For some time her tears flowed freely and she made no attempt to speak. Hulme stood gazing upon her in perplexity and distress.

'Lily,' he asked, 'have I said anything to offend you?'

'No, no, no! Sit—sit down beside me, and I will tell you.'

She made room for him on the narrow seat, and he was very close to her when he sat down.

'This was the reason,' she said, lowering her face. 'You showed me those letters from my father and Mr Revel. You did not know who I was. But I knew. How could I come near you again after that? I was my father's daughter, Dicky. I was ashamed to meet you again. You would learn who I was, and shun me and despise and hate me. That was why I did not see you again.'

'Oh Lily, Lily! What had your innocent soul to do with the misdeeds of others? If I had only known! And I thought, when you went away and they said you were to marry Revel, that I could tear you out of my breast. But when I saw you again in London, sitting with him in a theatre, in spite of myself my heart leaped out to you with a cry. I could not get you out of my life. And, fearing the cause of your change, I have been afraid to speak to you since you came to Mr Gaverick's.'

'You are not—afraid—now?' she whispered.

'Oh Lily!'

He was not afraid now; not afraid to kiss the sweetness of her lips, her cheek, her forehead, her hair, her hands—to strain her to his heart, until she uttered a short 'Oh!' of delicious distress.

Six weeks from that day these two young people were married, Jim Gaverick looking most uncomfortable in a black frock-coat, impressively giving the bride away. Jim's functions were not finished in the church. After the breakfast at his brother's house, the division of the 'Golden Lily' had to take place, according to the terms of the original

partnership, from which no power on earth could make Jim depart by a hair's-breadth. Twenty-five thousand pounds and thirty-five thousand shares were transferred to Dicky Hulme, who had already settled upon Lily all he had—his mother's little fortune. Nor was Jim likely to forget his promise to Miss Lily, as he still called her.

'My word, Michael!' he said to his brother in

his most solemn manner, 'you will never know what a stunning girl Miss Lily is! I know—and Dicky knows. But you—you can't imagine it, Michael!'

Mr Warner and Mr Revel, it may be mentioned, were not at the wedding, being detained abroad by circumstances beyond their control.

THE END.

ARMY RECRUITING ABROAD.



AT the present time, when the recruiting of the army is attracting public attention, it will not be inappropriate to describe the systems by which foreign armies are maintained, more especially as the adoption of conscription has been boldly advocated of late.

It is not necessary to trace the history of conscription, for it is at once apparent that it arose in primitive communities when every man naturally armed himself to repel the attacks of invaders or to avenge injuries inflicted upon his country. The modern principle of conscription was first adopted in France in 1798, and until 1872 it was resorted to from time to time as necessity arose. After the disastrous defeat at the hands of the Germans, personal military service was finally adopted as the permanent means of providing an adequate fighting force. Every Frenchman, unless physically unfit, is bound to enter the army. There are, however, certain youths who are exempt from this law. All men under five feet two inches in height, and others incapacitated by deformity or permanent disease, are exempt on the grounds of physical unfitness. Extreme ugliness, short sight, stammering, slight lameness, and an excess or the reverse of the right number of toes or fingers, are included under this heading. The eldest brother of a family of orphans, the only son of a widow, of a disabled father, or of a father over seventy, are required to serve for one year only. In the case of two brothers, if the younger is efficient, he enters the army and thus exempts his elder brother; or if one of two brothers is serving when his younger brother attains his twentieth year, or has served previously, the younger is exempt. Convicted felons, as in England, are not allowed to enter the army.

Every year about three hundred thousand Frenchmen reach the age of twenty. After the physically unfit, and those who are exempt under any of the above clauses, have been weeded out, the actual number of men required to maintain the standard strength of the army is chosen by ballot. They spend three years in the active army, and are then dismissed from permanent service and return to civil life. But for the following ten years they are numbered among the reserve

of the active army. They are then drafted into the territorial army for six years; at the conclusion of which they pass into the territorial reserve for another six years. Not until the age of forty-five does a Frenchman become free from all obligation to military service; for thirteen years he is liable to be called upon to serve either at home or abroad, and for the following twelve years to defend his country against invaders. No exemption can be purchased; unless a conscript is exempt either on the ground of physique or for family reasons, he is bound to serve his twenty-five years. Until 1890 there was a class of conscripts known as 'one-year volunteers.' These were men of good education, who were allowed to purchase their discharge after one year's service. The extent to which conscription has militarised France may be gathered from the fact that every fourth male is serving or has served in the army.

Compulsory service has been in force in Prussia since 1817, and in 1871 it was extended to the whole of the empire. Every German, with exceptions similar to those in France, must serve twelve years in the army or navy. The term of service includes two years with the colours in the standing army (three years in the cavalry and artillery), four years in the reserve of the standing army, two years in the Landwehr, and four in the Landsturm. On leaving the active army and passing into the reserves, the men may be refused permission to emigrate during their first year of civil life. After the standing army has been recruited to its full strength each year, the surplus conscripts are enrolled in the Ersatztruppen, and for twelve years undergo annual training. Until the age of forty-two all Germans, whether they have served in the active army or only in the Ersatztruppen, are liable to be called upon to serve in the Landsturm. In the infantry, men of good education are allowed, under certain conditions, to purchase their discharge after one year's service.

Universal service was introduced into Austria-Hungary in 1868. There are no exemptions, and those who are physically unfit are obliged to purchase their freedom by payment of a fine according to their means. About seven hundred and fifty thousand men are examined yearly, and of

these one hundred and fifty thousand are selected. Service is for three years with the colours, seven in the reserve of the active army, two years in the Landwehr, and ten in the Landsturm. The second class of conscripts are drafted into the Ersatz reserve for twelve years. Those who escape these terms with the first and second lines of defence are liable to be called upon to serve in the Landsturm from their nineteenth to their forty-second year. Thus every Austrian is at the call of his country for twenty-two years, though only three, and perhaps no, years are spent in actual service. In addition, men who have passed through the active army are also liable to be called upon to serve as officers in the Landsturm until sixty years of age.

Russia adopted conscription in 1870. Purchase of freedom from service, though legally prohibited, is practised, eight hundred roubles (£127) being the usual sum. Some parts of Siberia and the Trans-Caucasus are still exempt from conscription. The period of service is from the twenty-first to the forty-third year. Four years are spent in the active army, fourteen in the reserve, and four in the Opoltschenie or militia. Men drafted into the artillery or cavalry spend five years with the colours and only thirteen in the reserve. Every year nine hundred and fifty thousand Russians become liable for service; but of these only two hundred and seventy thousand enter the active army, the remainder being passed direct into the militia for twenty-two years. Seventy per cent. of all conscripts are unable to read or write; and, as they are taught the rudiments of knowledge while in the army, conscription may be regarded as a system of education. The Cossacks form a separate class; they pay no taxes, instead of which they are bound to give their military services for fifteen years. They enter the corps at eighteen, and after three years' training pass into the front brigade for twelve years. Cossacks are obliged to provide and maintain their own horses, clothing, and equipment. About sixteen thousand Cossacks enter the army every year.

All Italians are liable to military service from twenty to thirty-nine. The usual exemptions are permitted, and one-year volunteers are also allowed. The conscripts are divided into three classes. Those balloted into the first class spend nine years (five of which are spent on furlough) in the active army and ten years in the militia. Conscripts of Class II. spend eight years in the active army, with unlimited leave—which means that they receive no training, but are liable for eight years to be called upon to enter the active army. They are then drafted into the militia for eleven years. Class III. includes all other conscripts; they receive no training, but for nineteen years are liable to be drafted into the territorial militia. Thus very large numbers of Italian conscripts receive no training at all, financial considerations forbidding it.

In Belgium there is an eight years' compulsory service; but, as only fourteen thousand men are needed annually, substitution and purchase are freely allowed. Compulsory service for nine years, without substitution, is the law in Holland. One year is spent in the infantry, one and a half in the cavalry and artillery, and the remainder in the reserves. In Sweden there is a twenty years' service—eight with the colours and twelve in the reserve; and in Denmark sixteen years. Service is compulsory on all for eight years in Spain or four years in the colonies, though freedom may be purchased for £60. In Turkey all Moslems are liable to compulsory service, but Christians and other sectarians can purchase exemption. The Turk spends four years in the Nizam or active army, two years in the reserves, eight in the Redif or Landwehr, and six in the Mustahfurz or Landsturm. Thus, from twenty to forty the Osmanlis are liable to military service. Though Switzerland is the only country in the world which possesses no standing army—the constitution forbidding it—military training is compulsory on all males. The Japanese introduced conscription in 1874, every male being liable to military service from seventeen to forty. Three years are spent in the active army, and the remainder in the reserves. Those who escape active training are numbered among the militia for the whole twenty-three years. Six years' (from nineteen to twenty-five) compulsory service is in force in Egypt; but as only fifteen hundred men are required annually, and one hundred and fifty thousand men reach the age of nineteen every year, the burden is a very light one. Compulsory service is general in the South American Republics. In Brazil it is partly compulsory and partly voluntary. Each province must provide a fixed number of recruits, and if enough volunteers do not enlist, the requisite number is made up by conscription. The standing army of the United States has heretofore been a small one; but in time of national danger all men from the age of eighteen to forty-five may be called to arms.

Thus it will be seen that Britain is practically the only country that still recruits her army by voluntary enlistment. Under the Anglo-Saxons every freeman was bound to give three months' military service every year. The feudal system cannot be called forced service, as the military service was a condition of and quit-rent for the tenure of land. But as the feudal system died out, forced levies became common. It was with these that Elizabeth waged her wars in Ireland and James II. crushed Monmouth's rebellion; and it was the press-gang which recruited the army and navy for the Napoleonic wars of this century. Thus the constitution has always recognised the liability of every man to be called upon to fight for his country. Even now, by the Ballot Act of 1860, all males over five feet two inches

in height and between the ages of eighteen and thirty are liable to be called upon to serve in the militia. Though this act is suspended every year by the Army Annual Act, it could at any time be brought into force. So near home as the Channel Islands all natives of physical fitness between sixteen and forty-five years of age are liable to be called upon to serve in the militia, refusal to do so being punishable by fine or imprisonment.


Militarism in Europe—despite the Tsar's rescript—has not yet reached its zenith. All the states are

increasing their armies and navies; and the course which Great Britain will have to take the future alone can decide. A great military power Britain is not, nor aspires to be; but if she is going to maintain her army and navy on the same relative scale with the other Powers, conscription in one form or another appears inevitable. This question will most probably form the burning one of the near future; and it will then be for Britain to determine if she will sacrifice her sons, as well as her wealth, for the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire.

LADY STALLAND'S DIAMOND:

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

CHAPTER V.

IRCUMSTANCE is the test of a man's quality; his conduct in a crisis the standard of his value.'

The Bishop closed the book impatiently. Mr Dallis looked up from his paper and smiled. They

were both sitting on one of the lawn seats.

'What is the matter?' he asked. 'Is it very poor?'

'It is absurd,' said the Bishop. 'Absurd—inane! It is time to restrict this man's output;' and rising hastily, he stepped into the drawing-room to replace the volume upon a table.

Commander Digby, as usual, was there, and looked up as he entered. The Bishop gave him a glance of doubt and questioning, not unmingled with a little curious but pardonable resentment. He remembered that this fellow-guest had checked his plans more than once by his apparent desire to lounge in that corner chair as often and as long as he possibly could. Such conduct seemed utterly thoughtless and unreasonable.

But now the Commander rose, with a little gesture of relief.

'I give it up,' he said lazily. 'I am afraid that it won't work.'

'What do you mean?' asked the Bishop, in natural surprise.

'My little plan, or rather my theory,' answered Commander Digby. 'It's about that diamond.'

'Oh, indeed!'

The Commander proceeded to explain. 'I'll tell you how it is,' he said; 'it's a rather curious case, because you are in it yourself. Do you know, I have an idea that Lady Stalland's diamond was picked up by one of the servants.'

'Indeed?' said the Bishop again. He was looking out through the window with no sign of particular interest.

'Yes. Ignorance and sudden temptation, you know—just as I suggested at the dinner-table when the loss was discovered. But an idea occurred

to me yesterday morning while I was dressing, and it was this: If one of the servants took the stone, she would probably soon regret the theft. As soon as she realised its value, and as soon as the loss was discovered, she would be frightened, and would begin to wish she hadn't touched it. Then her one thought would be—What do you think?'

'To hide it,' suggested the Bishop deceitfully; for he saw what was coming.

'Not at all—not at all. Her one thought would be to return it to the spot from which she had taken it. I am presuming, you observe, that it was one of those silly women. No man would do such a mad thing.'

The Bishop nodded agreement.

'As soon as I thought of this,' continued the Commander, 'I determined to work it out. I came down early yesterday morning—you were down only just before me, if you recollect—almost expecting to find the diamond somewhere on the floor. It was not there, so I concluded that the woman had not yet had a chance to replace it. I calculated, however, that she would hang about the drawing-room until she found her opportunity, and that until she had found it she would look into the room just three times as often as any other person. That would be something after the style of the moth and the candle, you know. Therefore, I resolved to keep a good lookout and watch faces, keeping in the room as much as possible. In fact, I have scarcely left the place for a minute except when I was bound to do so, or when there was some one else here.'

'That is true,' thought the Bishop. 'You haven't.'

'You will understand, of course, that I am not qualifying for a thief-catcher,' the Commander said apologetically. 'I have been doing this for the simple purpose of testing my little theory. But it hasn't worked out as well as I expected. You'll never guess who has made the largest

number of visits to this room since yesterday morning.'

The Bishop might have made a very creditable guess. He thought it wiser not to try.

'It is yourself,' said the Commander.

'Dear me!' exclaimed the Bishop. 'Dear me, how very remarkable!' and he looked suitably startled and impressed. What a deceitful Bishop he had become since Saturday!

'Yes,' proceeded Commander Digby, rising from his chair. 'You have come into this room exactly twenty-three times since yesterday morning. As for the servants, why, not one of them has acted a bit suspiciously, and it is evident that my theory was weak somewhere. I'll give up detective work after this.'

The Bishop smiled. If the Commander's eye had been nearly as keen as his theory, he must have noticed the sickliness of that smile; but he did not notice, and in a moment more had passed out to join Mr Dallis on the lawn.

The Bishop was glad to see him go, for he was plainly a dangerous man. Standing alone on the hearth-rug, he wondered how many more threads he had yet to come upon in this tangled skein.

It was now Monday morning, and he was looking forward with feverish eagerness to the hour of his departure. As far as he was aware, no fresh movement had yet taken place. Sir Edward had said nothing at breakfast, and Mr Fitchett was invisible. Things were quiet, and he began to think that they would remain in that state until he could settle them. His letter to-morrow morning would do it.

He had passed another miserable night—a night such as he had often read of but never experienced before. As the hours had followed one another, his self-scorn had magnified his fault into something quite unlike itself. His old assurance, his self-confidence, had vanished utterly with his self-respect. He had learned that he was nothing better than a contemptibly weak mortal, doing wrong because he dreaded the opinions of his fellow-men. He was not Saturday's Bishop of Hexminster, but some other feeble and unworthy creature who had in a mysterious way found himself in lawn.

So he mused now, standing on the rug where all his trouble had commenced, and looking vacantly at the bronzes on the mantelpiece. But suddenly his glance fell upon a mirror which reflected the portions of the room behind him, and the region of the door; and he saw that some one was watching him from the doorway.

At first he was naturally startled, but had the presence of mind not to look round. He examined the face of the watcher carefully, and saw that it was the face of a woman—a young woman. Something, partly memory, partly intuition, told him that it was the face of little Miss Connie's nurse.

In another moment he saw more. The expression on the girl's face was not the expression of one who watches as a spy. True, there was a certain furtiveness about it, and she evidently did not intend to be seen; but that was not all. There was a great deal of anxiety in the manner of her gaze, as though she wished, almost as much as she feared, to attract attention; and, above all, there was a look of eager appeal not for a moment to be mistaken.

Still watching, motionless, the Bishop tried to imagine a reason for this curious conduct. She wanted something; that was clear enough. That her want was in some way connected with himself seemed equally clear. She was on very good terms with Martin, as he knew. Ah, yes—Martin!

The Bishop gave a start, as a horrible suggestion came to his mind, and the face vanished abruptly from the doorway. The house, he now noticed, was unusually quiet; but it was a quiet which had in it a hint of impending danger. Where was Sir Edward? Where was Lady Stalland? Where was Fitchett? He reached the door in three strides, just in time to hear light footsteps hastening down one of the farther corridors.

He stood for a minute irresolute. Then the second footman happened to emerge from the dining-room.

'Where is Martin?' asked the Bishop.

'In the library, my lord.'

'Who is with him? Is your master there?'

'Yes, my lord; and her ladyship, and the strange gentleman.'

'Thank you,' said the Bishop; and the second footman, dismissed, went his way, wondering.

The Bishop stood in the hall for several moments longer, and then proceeded to the library. On his way he was obliged to pass the stairs, and one who was slowly descending greeted his appearance with a cry of recognition:

'Oh, there's my wobber!'

The Bishop looked up. This time the child's greeting caused him no tremor.

'Wobber!' she cried, 'have you seen nurse? I've lost her.'

He remembered the face at the drawing-room door. 'Yes, my dear,' he said. 'I think she is down here.' And he prepared to pass on.

But there was something still to be said. The child was now on the fourth step, looking full into his face. What she read there, with the marvellous and unreasoning perception of childhood, must have produced her next question:

'Is the game finished, wobber? Is it over? Are you going to give up the diamond you wobbled?'

The question was cruel, heartless, almost triumphant; but the face of the questioner was full of sun and laughter. The Bishop answered mildly, yet speaking with difficulty:

'I think so, my dear—I think so—I fear so.'

'In the lib'wy?' asked Connie. 'Where papa is? Then I'll come with you.' And before he could protest or object she had descended the remaining steps and had taken him by the hand. Half-unwillingly he submitted, and they went on together.

In the library Sir Edward Stalland sat at the writing-table, with his back to the door. At his right stood Lady Stalland, and before him, with the table between, Martin the footman. Inspector Fitchett was also there.

The entrance of the Bishop and his companion took place at a singular point in the proceedings. Sir Edward had just asked a question.

'So you refuse to speak, Martin? You have nothing more to say?'

It was a final question, and Martin had answered it finally:

'Nothing, Sir Edward.'

A pause had followed—a pause curiously suggestive of a deadlock. It was during the pause that the new-comers entered. Their appearance was received by Lady Stalland with a sigh of relief, and Sir Edward evidently shared her emotion. Martin's obstinate features relaxed a little, but the inspector made no sign.

'Oh, my dear Bishop,' cried Lady Stalland, 'I am glad you have come in! This is a most unhappy affair.'

The Bishop inclined his head gravely, and looked at Sir Edward. 'Can I do anything?' he asked.

Then the baronet spoke abruptly. 'We have been questioning Martin,' he said; 'you know the circumstances, and you can imagine why we should have done so. We simply ask him whether he has seen anything, or whether he knows anything, of his mistress's diamond. He refuses to answer.'

'Either "Yes" or "No,"' interposed Fitchett quietly.

'Either "Yes" or "No,"' repeated Sir Edward.

There was another long pause. With the exception of the child, who was gazing at her elders in wide-eyed surprise, every one seemed distinctly uncomfortable. Sir Edward and Lady Stalland waited for the Bishop's opinion, and wondered at his sternness and pallor; while Martin hung his head low. But the most troubled of the whole group was probably Inspector Fitchett.

For something was going awry with his plans. When Martin had been called in a few minutes before—when the footman had found himself face to face with this old acquaintance—everything had seemed to be going right enough. The man's amazement, his dismay, his evident guilt and fear, had gladdened the officer's heart with prospects of speedy success. Then Sir Edward had asked the fellow a question, and a cheek had taken place at once.

He had never expected a refusal to answer. Denial would have been natural, and he had been fully prepared to hear a long tissue of falsehoods and protestations. He had been still more prepared to witness a collapse, a confession, and a pitiful appeal for mercy. But silence might mean anything, and he did not forget that the whole of the evidence was purely circumstantial. He watched the faces and waited, his small blue eyes half-closed.

'Of course,' said Sir Edward, 'since he refuses to speak, I have only one thing to do. There is no alternative.'

The next remark came from the most unlikely quarter. It was spoken in a small voice, full of indignant surprise:

'But Martin isn't a wobbler. He isn't a bit of a wobbler!'

'Ha!' said Inspector Fitchett to himself; 'what is this?' Lady Stalland frowned at the child, and Sir Edward turned impatiently. Seeing, however, that she held the Bishop's hand, he said nothing. It was the Bishop who silenced her by a whisper of 'Hush!' The others had been surprised at her remark, but he had been alarmed.

He had come to settle this matter himself, and she must not do it for him. In Martin's face he saw that the game was not yet really over—that the man was prepared to keep silence. He would keep silence, at least, until to-morrow, when all would be set to rights. But the Bishop had brushed the thought aside with contempt. He was a man once more.

His emotions of the night had culminated in a sudden revival of his fugitive courage. Face to face with this crisis in affairs, he became himself again. Martin's conduct was a revelation, and the revelation a stimulant. While his weakness had been without hurt to others he had indulged it; had allowed it to lead him into doubtful places, into evasions, shufflings, almost into baseness. Now he saw another man accused in his stead, and it was another matter. So there was something heroic in the way in which he faced the group and prepared to own his error. In spite of his pallor, he had never been so like a Bishop, so like a man.

'I am sorry,' he began—'I am sorry that Martin should have been suspected in connection with the loss of the diamond. It is a great mistake.'

He paused, to allow his words to have their full effect. Inspector Fitchett heard them with growing uneasiness, the others with surprise. Martin looked up in breathless anxiety. But at that critical moment there came a slow *tap, tap, tap* from the edge of the table where the Bishop stood, and Miss Connie was heard to count in a loud whisper, 'One, two, three!'

The Bishop heard, but did not look down. He had more to say, and lost no time.

'I have already told Inspector Fitchett,' he said, with a stern glance at the officer, 'that I have

every confidence in Martin's integrity, despite what occurred a few years ago. I have the very highest reasons for this confidence.'

Tap, tap, tap—'Four, five, six,' counted Miss Connie, in quiet disdain of all that was passing. And there the Bishop paused, exactly on the verge of his confession. The others were looking at him no longer—all eyes were upon the child at his side.

He looked down. On the edge of the table were six pieces of glass. At the same instant she raised her eyes triumphantly—the child who had placed them there.

'You wobbled one of my diamonds,' she said; 'but I had six all the time. *I found one more on the carpet!*'

The pallor of the Bishop's face seemed to deepen as the last words were borne in upon his understanding. His lips were parted, and he stared vacantly, first at the articles on the table, then at the countenances of those around him. Mr Fitchett's eyes were wide open for once, and the word he uttered was short and sharp. Martin's expression was one of astonishment, and so was Lady Stalland's. But Sir Edward, with an exclamation quite as abrupt as the detective's, picked up one of the six glass diamonds and gazed at it fixedly.

There was a brief pause. The object Sir Edward held was smaller than the other five, but it gleamed with tenfold lustre.

'What is it?' gasped the Bishop. 'Is it the—is it the—'

'Yes,' said Sir Edward quietly; 'it is. It is the lost diamond!'

To the Bishop's gaze, the faces around him were hazy at that moment. He gripped the edge of the table to steady himself. His companions began to speak, excitedly, wonderingly; but he did not hear what they said. He was recalling the incidents of Saturday night, the words of the child, the finding of the diamond, and the truth was coming home to him—the real truth this time. Had he been mistaken all along? Had he suffered all those agonies needlessly? Could it be possible?

Slowly he took from its place of concealment the other diamond—the one he had found. With a sickly smile, he laid it down beside the others. It was exactly like them. Then he looked at Miss Connie.

'That's my diamond,' she said, nodding in complete understanding. 'That's my diamond. You've been a make-believe wobbler ever since Saturday; but now the game is over;' and she gathered up the toys in her chubby hands with every sign of satisfaction and delight.

Yes, the game was over. Again the Bishop smiled. The child's words were quite true. He had been only a make-believe robber after all. But what a terrible game it had been! He had been playing in dead earnest.

Half-an-hour later Inspector Fitchett was being driven away in the dog-cart, muttering sundry opinions as to the 'infernal meddlesomeness' of children and the stupidity of their parents. Sir Edward was telling his guests in the drawing-room how the diamond had at last been found in the very spot where no one had dreamed of looking for it; and Miss Connie was reflecting upon the really excellent way in which a bishop can make-believe to be a robber. The Bishop himself, after a short interview with Lady Stalland, was speaking to Martin in the hall. The incident of the lost diamond was over and done with, and the Bishop was, to all appearance, the Bishop of last week, benign but dignified, affable but stately. Yet this interview and one which followed it indicated that there had been a change.

'Martin,' he said kindly as the man came up, 'I have been thinking of what you told me on Saturday evening. Your words gave me great pleasure, and I shall be glad to try you once more in my own service.'

'Yes, my lord,' said Martin humbly. Since he had discovered the injustice of his late suspicions the poor fellow had not dared to look his lordship in the face.

'As it happens,' the Bishop continued, 'my butler, Gannet, will be leaving at the end of the quarter. If you think you could take his place you may write to me in a day or two. I have mentioned the matter to Lady Stalland already.'

And with that the Bishop passed on. Martin stood still, thinking it over, and the more he thought of it the more astonished he became. Why, the butler at the Palace had a house all to himself. A house, of course, meant a wife to keep it; and a wife— But when his meditations had reached that point he hurried away to find Miss Connie's nurse.

The other interview indicating a change in the Bishop took place at lunch. The story of the diamond had, of course, to be retold, and Sir Edward concluded the tale with an expression of surprise.

'What puzzles me,' he said, 'is Martin's silence. I can't imagine why he should have refused to answer the question I asked him.'

'Ah,' said Commander Digby, 'I shouldn't trouble about that. Perhaps the man was hurt, and some people get obstinate when they feel insulted. He felt himself in Fitchett's black books, you know.'

The Commander's suggestion was generally considered satisfactory, and the matter dropped. Mrs Digby, who was again the Bishop's neighbour, then turned to another subject.

'By the way,' she began, 'you remember the case we were speaking of the other night. That man has been brought before the magistrates.'

The Bishop remembered very well. 'Indeed?' he said. 'What was the result?'

'He reserved his defence,' answered Mrs Digby, 'and he hinted that he was the victim of circumstances. Of course that's all nonsense, as you said on Saturday. Circumstances, indeed!'

It was a minute or more before the Bishop replied. 'Hem!' he said slowly but clearly. 'I have been thinking over that remark, and have slightly changed my opinion. If the man pleads circumstances, I shall be inclined to wait a little. Circumstances, you know, my dear Mrs Digby'—

'Yes,' murmured the lady as he paused. 'Circumstances'—

'Often alter cases,' the Bishop concluded calmly.

It seemed a very trite, a very aged remark; yet when he held it up to criticism he saw that he could not have said anything more representative of his own changed, enlightened views. Mrs Digby subsided into wondering silence, entering the last

remark in her mental note-book for future use. How broad-minded the dear Bishop was!

As I have already said in other words, the Bishop of Hexminster is famous for his sympathy with the faults and failings of his fellow-men, and for his reluctance to judge them hastily. He is always ready to consider the argument of circumstances; but even his most intimate friends cannot guess that this is because circumstances on one occasion made him almost a criminal, and showed him in his own conduct the helplessness and the weakness of even the most upright of men and bishops. His admirers do not know this, and probably will not credit the story when they read it; but the Bishop's own character, in its increased charm and attractiveness, is the best possible evidence of his short and unhappy connection with Lady Stalland's diamond.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A RELIC OF BYGONE TIMES.



VERY curious and interesting discovery has been made by a local antiquary, Mr W. A. Donelly, on the shores of the river Clyde, about a mile east of Dumbarton Castle. Here has been found the remains of a 'crannog,' or dwelling on piles, the structure being situated below high-water mark and about fifty yards from the water at low tide. Its circumference is one hundred and eighty-four feet, the outer circle of piles being of oak sharpened to a point with stone axes, and still perfectly sound where the wood has been buried in the ground. The other woods used in this ancient dwelling-place of man are birch, ash, &c., and are used for the transverse beams and for the pavements. Twelve feet outside the structure extends a huge refuse-heap, in which have been found the bones of dogs, cattle, sheep, &c., a hone or whetstone, and distinct evidences of the use of fire. In the immediate neighbourhood has also been discovered a canoe, thirty-seven feet long, with a beam of four feet, and hollowed out of a single oak-tree. This pile-dwelling is of more than ordinary interest in that it seems to be the first which has been found in tidal water.

ALUMINIUM FOR INDIA.

Aluminium, which is now used in Great Britain for such a variety of purposes, has recently been introduced into Madras, and cooking-pots and other utensils which used to be made of copper and brass are now being manufactured of the white metal. Professor Chatterton, of the Madras University, has been the mainspring of this new

departure, for he caused experiments to be made at the metal-working classes of the School of Arts at Madras, and in this way interested the natives in the matter. As a result a small factory was established, and this met with such signal success that in five months the output of manufactured aluminium amounted to a ton a month. This, be it remembered, would be equal, bulk for bulk, to four times as much copper. It is considered curious that the intense conservatism of the Indians should have allowed such an innovation to succeed; but on one point they are obdurate. The old shapes and fashions of vessels must be rigidly adhered to in making them of the new material, and as these shapes vary in different districts, the point is one of some importance.

ALUMINIUM *versus* STONE.

A German firm of colour-printers, Messrs Scholz, of Mainz, are credited with the introduction of a printing surface of which the metal aluminium is the base, which is found to be a most efficient substitute for the unwieldy and heavy lithographic stone. The metal is coated with a chemical surface which has the property of absorbing water like the stone, and has also, when dry, a like affinity for fatty inks. The artist can make his design direct on the surface, so that it is not vitiated by interference from another hand; and such design, when it has served its purpose, can be readily removed to make room for another without the long process of grinding down which is necessary with a drawing on stone. One of these new plates can thus be used for hundreds of times, and they are so thin that a hundred and fifty of them occupy only the space of one lithographic stone. It is to be hoped that

this new process of printing will be demonstrated at the exhibition of lithography which will probably be opened in London before these words appear in print.

THE PLAGUE.

Dr F. G. Clemow contributes to the *Lancet* some very interesting facts regarding the plague epidemic in Calcutta, which go far to prove that rats were responsible for the introduction of the disease into that city. It seems certain that rats, in common with dogs, pigs, pigeons, and domestic fowls, are liable to be affected by the disease, and that, some time before the occurrence of a single case of plague among the human inhabitants of Calcutta, it was reported to the health officer that a number of dead rats had been found in a building near the river. Shortly afterwards more dead rats were found in a street close by and in the offices of a shipping company near to the wharf where ships unload. This discovery, from its unusual character, attracted much attention, and as a precautionary measure disinfectants were largely used. Subsequently some of the dead rodents were examined at the municipal laboratory, and found to be infected with the plague bacillus. Since this time dead rats have been found in the city in large numbers, and more especially in and about the houses where cases of human plague have occurred.

A NEW USE FOR THE TELEPHONE.

The monotony of farm life in Australia, where houses are few and far between, has recently been modified by an ingenious use of the telephone. It would hardly have paid any one to lay wires from farm to farm, for those buildings are often separated by many miles of open country; but some one found that the wire fences which are in common use were most efficient lines of communication for telephonic purposes; and the discovery has resulted in friendly intercourse being established between the members of families separated from one another by as much as a dozen miles. A number of different stations are now connected together in this way, and we can readily understand what comfort the thought must bring to the members of an isolated household that they are, in case of emergency, within call of fellow-beings.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

That there are hundreds of persons who still believe in the possibility of perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, and other myths of bygone times is well known. But there was certainly some excuse for those who recently invested their savings in the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company of America, whose ostensible business it was to extract gold from sea-water; for it is a scientific fact that the waters of the ocean do contain a certain proportion of the precious metals in solu-

tion. According to *Cassiers' Magazine*, the trick by which the subscribers were induced to part with their money was simple but decidedly clever. They were invited to witness a most conclusive experiment which took place in a shed which projected over the water at the end of a pier. Through a trap in the floor a pan of mercury—and it should be noted that the capitalists had brought the metal with them in order that they might be assured of its initial purity—was let down into the sea. An electric battery was then connected up with it, and the current allowed to act upon the sunken mercury for several hours; while the men with the money-bags kept watch the whole night through in order to see that all was fair. In the morning the pan of quicksilver was raised from the sea-bottom and its contents at once assayed, when the metal was found to be heavily charged with gold. It is supposed that during the night a diver was employed to substitute the valuable amalgam for the pure mercury in the submerged pan. However this may have been, the 'inventor' of the process has disappeared with some sixty-eight thousand pounds, which represent the profits on the transaction, obtained not from sea-water, but from the pockets of the credulous.

THE TRANSPORT OF TIMBER.

A huge raft of timber six hundred feet long, cigar-shaped, with a central diameter of fifty feet, was recently towed from the Columbia River to San Francisco, a distance of seven hundred miles, in five and a half days. The weather was certainly very favourable for the venture; but the event is noteworthy for the reason that this is the largest structure of the kind which has ever entered the above-mentioned port. Other consignments of the same nature and equally large are now being arranged for, this method of transport having several advantages. The number of piles contained in this cable-bound raft was ten thousand, each pile consisting of a log of timber from thirty to forty feet long, with a diameter at the butt-end of about eighteen inches—in all the raft comprised five million lineal feet of timber. To convey a similar cargo piecemeal by steamer in the old-fashioned method of stowage, twenty vessels of the largest capacity would have been required, while the expense would have been trebled. It is intended later on to economise still more by transporting timber which has already been sawn into square logs.

RECOVERING A LOST BELL.

A story told not long ago to an audience at the United Service Institute, London, is illustrative of the fact that native instinct—or shall we call it common-sense?—will sometimes solve a problem which technical training fails to grapple with successfully. During the second Burmese war the British troops endeavoured to carry off to Calcutta,

as a trophy, a big bell the weight of which was more than forty tons. The engineers managed to get it as far as the river Irawadi; but, in trying to get it on shipboard, the tackle slipped and the unwieldy thing rolled over and disappeared beneath the water. After trying in vain to raise the bell from the river-bed, the engineers were forced to admit that the task was beyond them, and went their way. Then the Burmese went to work, and, strange to say, they soon accomplished the task in which the British had failed. They first of all encased the upper part of the bell in a wooden structure, so as to convert its external form into that of a cylinder, and they then, by means of ropes, rolled it up the river-bank on to dry land. It is obvious that the water must have been very shallow to admit of this method of procedure.

CLOCKS WHICH TALK.

A very curious development of Edison's famous phonograph is found in the speaking clocks and watches now being manufactured in Switzerland, timepieces which altogether throw into the shade the old 'repeaters,' which on the pressure of a stud would strike, or 'repeat' the last hour. In the new form of watch a button is pressed; but, instead of the stroke of a bell, the owner is informed of the time in articulate speech. Alarm-clocks are also made; but instead of the usual vibratory bell, they call out, 'It's six o'clock. Up you get, and don't go to sleep again.' These talking clocks and watches are due to the ingenuity of a French manufacturer who has settled in Geneva. In order to make his wares talkative, he introduces into the works a disc of india-rubber, which on its edge bears the necessary phonographic 'record'—in connection, we presume, with a vibrating diaphragm.

MOVING A HOUSE.

By the term 'moving house' is meant in this country the unpleasant operation of shifting one's belongings from one domicile to another; but in America it is the house itself—roof, walls, bricks, and mortar—that is moved. This wondrous engineering feat has been accomplished so often that it ceases to excite much remark among our transatlantic cousins, but, for some undiscovered reason, the work of house-shifting never seems to be undertaken in Britain. The Continent has, however, afforded at least one example of this mode of changing the site of residence, for a few months ago a house which interfered with the enlargement of a German railway-station was pushed along for three hundred and fifty feet to its new situation. The entire journey was accomplished in seventeen days, the structure, with its cellars and various stories all complete, being supported on rollers and thrust forward by jacks. The house weighed seven hundred and fifty tons. The operation was completed without

the cracking of a single pane of glass, and the entire expense was half the estimated cost of pulling the building to pieces and setting it up again on its new foundations.

A CURIOUS CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

The modern novelist is very prone to found his plots on the doings of sleep-walkers and hypnotists; but, as usual, 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and his efforts are outdone by actual occurrences. Here, for example, is a true story from France of a gentleman missing from his bedroom a packet containing more than two thousand pounds' worth of bonds. The thief could not be traced; but shortly afterwards the mistress of the house, who had taken the robbery to heart even more than her husband, was taken to a doctor, for she was suffering from nervous prostration. The doctor, a firm believer in hypnotism, was told of the robbery; and, putting two and two together, hypnotised his patient and extorted a confession from her that she had taken the bonds and buried them in the garden. There, upon search being made, they were found; but the lady is as yet quite ignorant of the fact that she herself was the person who hid them.

A RECENT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY.

It has hitherto been supposed that in Egypt the practice of embalming the bodies of the dead and forming them into mummies was the most ancient method of sepulture; but Professor Flinders Petrie, the well-known Egyptologist, has, by recent excavations, thrown quite a new light upon this question of the ancient method of disposing of the dead. At Deshasheh, a place about fifty miles south of Cairo, he has discovered a series of tombs, in the coffins of which he has found complete skeletons from which the flesh has been carefully dissected, evidently previous to burial. The coffins are of admirable workmanship, are made of sycamore, and are in perfect preservation, notwithstanding their five thousand years' burial in the sand. It remains to be proved by further excavations whether the mutilation of the bodies was performed as a ceremonial rite, or whether this removal of flesh from the bones points to cannibalism on the part of the ancient people.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

It would seem that the business of insuring against train accidents must be a very profitable one, for, according to the most recent statistics—those for last year—the risks to human life in travelling by railway are of the slightest. The figures refer to accidents in the United Kingdom only; and we gather from them that only one person was killed among every eight millions carried, while only one person in six hundred and twenty-eight thousand was injured. It would, therefore, appear that it would be far safer to travel all day by rail than to venture upon the

ordinary risk incurred in going up and down stairs in one's own household. It is quite needless to state that the danger of crossing the crowded streets of our large cities and towns is vastly greater than any incurred in taking a journey by railway. It is sad to see, at the same time, that the number of railway servants killed and injured—especially during shunting operations—maintains a terribly high average; and we are glad to note that steps are being taken to ascertain whether there is anything in the practice adopted on foreign railway systems which can be introduced here with a view to lessen the number of fatalities which occur.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

It is quite certain that no excavations have ever aroused so much general interest as those which have been in progress for so many years at Pompeii. This is no doubt due to the awfully tragic manner in which the place was overwhelmed by the ashes from Vesuvius nearly two thousand years ago. Contrary to popular belief, it was not flowing streams of lava that did the mischief, but ashes mingled with a deluge of rain, which sealed up the houses under twenty feet of mud, which has long ago solidified. Only a comparatively small portion of the city has as yet been uncovered once more to the light of day; but the work is still progressing, and it does not lose in interest. One of the most recent discoveries is that of the site of a small but most beautiful temple, which was evidently in course of construction when the city was overwhelmed. There are the various parts of the building, exquisite pieces of moulding, and Corinthian capitals, some half-executed, with the chisel-marks plainly visible upon the

stone, lying about ready to be placed in position, as they were left by the Roman workmen just previous to the catastrophe. There was also recently found buried outside the city walls a most exquisitely designed piece of mosaic pavement—a perfect picture in stone representing a group of seven philosophers in council. This noble work has been purchased by the Italian government, and will be added to the treasures of the Naples Museum.

SONNET.

THERE's that more precious than the diamond's flame,
And beautiful as is the ruby's glow,
Or bloom of pearls: which gold indeed may maim,
And yet not easily again bestow:
Which giveth beauty grace, like scent to flowers;
Without which beauty is a rootless bloom:
Which raiseth bright-dressed thoughts, like vernal showers
The beaded grass, and gildeth sorrow's gloom.
It makes a beggar happy as a king:
A king who wants it is a fettered slave!
'Tis Manhood's very Sceptre; it may bring
Hope to the hero, courage to the brave!—
'Come, tell us, pray, what is this priceless wealth?'
What we are spendthrifts with, my friends—our
Health!

G. G. SOMERVILLE.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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